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1841

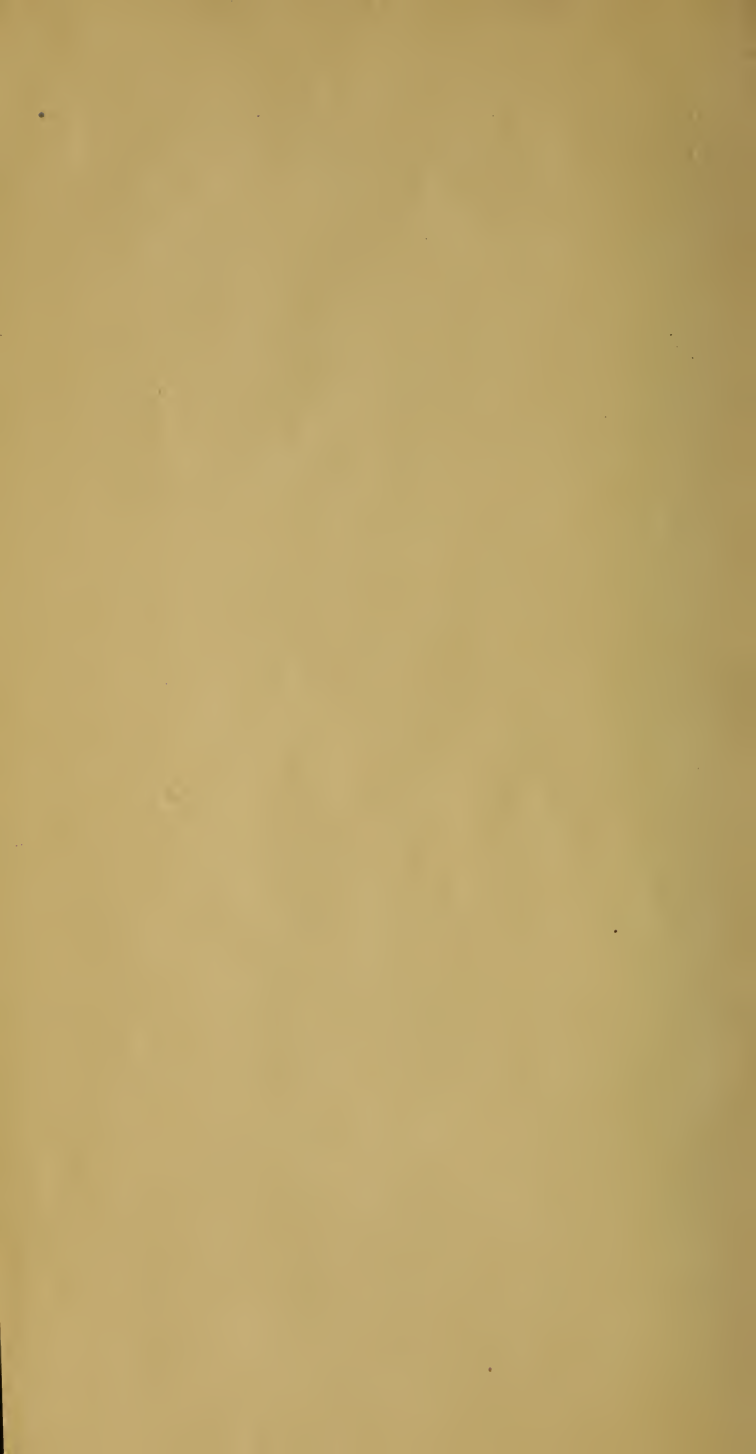


Class PR 4729

Book G25 P6

1841









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1806

P O E M S  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS.

BY A LADY.

*Grandy, Mrs. Emma*

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Rev. S. W. Ward. With  
Mrs. Edm<sup>d</sup>. Grundy's kind  
regards -

May 1841. -

## POEMS.



## P O E M S.

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### MATINATA.

COME forth ! come forth ! morn is breaking,  
Happy things are all awaking,  
From each tree, and brake, and bower ;  
Come with gladness and with singing,  
Till the forests through are ringing  
With praise of the matin hour !

Shadows dark are swiftly flying,  
Every little star is hieing  
To its cloud-bed far away ;  
First faint streaks of light are playing,  
All things seem to smile in saying,  
“ Come forth to the merry day ! ”

Night alone is made for sleeping,  
Night for sorrow and for weeping,  
Day for sunshine and for mirth !  
Flowers are fresher incense pouring—  
Honey-bees to sweets alluring,  
Careful of the gifts of earth.

Leaves are budding fresh and brightly,  
As though night-dews falling lightly  
Gave a deeper emerald hue ;  
Song-birds sing their matin sweetly ;  
Ev'ry added charm to greet thee,  
Gladsome Nature robes anew !

Fields through night's young tears are smiling,  
Softest zephyrs gently wiling  
Earth's sad cares far hence away ;  
Streamlets clear are gaily dancing  
O'er their bed of sand-gems, glancing  
In the light of new-born day !

Little flocks afar are bleating,  
 Giving thus their shepherd greeting,  
 That with pipe so shrill and clear,  
 All the groves with sweetness filleth ;  
 While the maid her carol stilleth,  
 Strains well known, and loved to hear !

Hark ! the lark on high is soaring,  
 Pouring forth his notes adoring ;  
 Be not then *less* grateful thou !  
 Who hath kept thy soul from sorrow ?  
 Who hath brought thee to the morrow ?  
 Pay to HIM thine earliest vow !

Come then forth ! the morn is breaking,  
 Happy things are all awaking,  
 From each tree, and brake, and bower ;  
 Come with gladness and with singing,  
 Till the forests through are ringing  
 With praise of the matin hour !

## THE WASSAIL-BOWL.

WE DRINK IN THE WASSAIL-BOWL OBLIVION TO THE SORROWS  
AND ENMITIES OF THE PAST, AND TO THE GOODWILL, FRIENDSHIP,  
AND HAPPINESS OF THE COMING YEAR.

*English Scenes and Civilization.*

DRINK of the wassail-bowl! drink deep!  
The Christmas-eve with vigils keep,  
For 'tis a cup to friendship dear!  
Then hail with mirth the coming year,  
And drink of the wassail-bowl!

It hath a sweet, a magic dower,  
Of gentle might and guardian power,  
And great the blessings it contains;  
Then drink till not one drop remains  
In the merry wassail-bowl!

Look ye around! Of all ye loved,  
None from your household is removed!  
Still are the faces smiling bright,  
Still hear ye sounds of laughter light;  
Then thank ye the wassail-bowl!

Look on those dark and truthful eyes,  
 Wherein such deep affection lies;  
 Beam they not still with joy and love?—  
 E'en thus for those 't will ever prove,  
     Who drink of the wassail-bowl!

Yet holier thoughts its draughts inspire!  
 Is there a secret lurking ire,  
 Cank'ring the love that else would rest  
 In peaceful stillness in the breast?  
     O! drink of the wassail-bowl!

It charms all angry feelings still,  
 And bids affection, like a rill  
 Of clearest waters, gently flow,  
 Purifying all below!  
     Then drink of the wassail-bowl!

If sorrow e'er your home should cloud,  
 Veiling each pleasure in her shroud;  
 If Love and Hope for aye have fled;  
 If every joy of life be dead,—  
     O! drink of the wassail-bowl!

Oblivion of the mournful past,  
Of injuries upon you cast,  
Hope of a happier sunnier day,  
And endless love the heart to sway,—  
Ye pledge in the wassail-bowl !

O ! drink then of this magic bowl,  
Until its draughts o'erflow your soul !  
For 't is a cup to friendship dear !  
Then hail with mirth the coming year,  
And drink of the wassail-bowl !



## STANZAS.

Do you remember the day so bright,  
When, from the top of the woody height,  
We looked on the dark and wavy trees,  
That danced in the summer's gentle breeze?

O! fair was the scene to look upon!  
The noontide sun in his glory shone,  
And the birds sang free in the clear blue sky,  
As if joyous things could never die!

The flowers came forth to the smiling day,  
And the streamlet laughed in sparkling play,  
While anon were voices sweet and low,  
As of fairies at happy sport below!

And far away an old tower gleamed,  
(Of such in my early days I've dreamed),  
Whose massive portals and turrets old,  
Of the glorious times now bygone told.

It was grey with age that stately place,  
Where the ivy flung its lovesick grace ;  
Yet 't was once the home of "ladye" bright,  
And the aged monk, and belted knight.

The bat now makes it his place of rest,  
And the old rook seeks there his noisy nest ;  
Yet a few flowers linger sweetly round,  
To spread a joy o'er this fairy ground.

Do you remember that scene so bright ?  
In what was its world of deep delight ?—  
From our own glad hearts the charm we drew,  
That tintured all with so fair a hue !

ON THE  
STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE OF FRANCE,  
DUCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG.

HER hands are folded on her breast,  
Yet not as if in prayer ;  
Far different purpose is express'd  
In her undaunted air.

Fearless she clasps the naked blade,  
Her holy cause her shield ;  
And helmet by her side display'd,  
Tells of the battle-field !

Yet there is something in that face,  
Which speaks of deeper thought,  
A noble look I love to trace,  
With melancholy fraught !

It speaks unsinking trust, beyond  
 All *earthly* aid to give;  
 It tells of confidence so fond,  
 As but with *truth* can live!

And yet, as if the noble heart,  
 By some strange unseen power,  
 Foretold too well, the sadder part  
 Of Fame's unwelcome dower.

Yes! Joan—thou, Love's subtle chain  
 Around our hearts hast thrown,  
 Whose links can ne'er be snapped in twain  
 While Virtue's cause we own.

And thou hast proved th' unconquered might  
 Of woman's fearless love!  
 Its lamp—how strong it burns—how bright,  
 When lit by Faith above!

And every woman's heart shall keep  
 A place of pride for thee!  
 And every woman's eye shall weep  
 Thy sad, sad destiny!

## PHILOSOPHY.

THAT MUST BE TRUE PHILOSOPHY  
WHICH BIDS US SMILE AT CARE ;  
SINCE, WHETHER MORTALS LAUGH OR CRY,  
WHAT HAPPENS, THEY MUST BEAR !

*R. Sharpe.*

WHAT NEED A MAN FORESTALL HIS DATE OF GRIEF,  
AND RUN TO MEET WHAT HE WOULD MOST AVOID ?

*Comus.*

SOME philosophers say  
Only think of to-day,  
For the future, perhaps, you'll ne'er see ;  
And the past is gone by,—  
So 'tis silly to sigh  
For that which must never more be.

This advice, it is clear,  
Is the doctrine of fear,—  
'T wont live in reform's changing hour ;  
'Tis like throwing away  
E'en the bright fleeting day  
We have in our limited power.

There's no cause to be sad !  
 Nay, much rather be glad,  
 The Future is e'en as our own;—  
 We can make it as bright,  
 Or as dark as the night,  
 Just suiting the mind's varied tone !

Now *we* rather will look  
 On the picture's *bright* nook ;  
 Leave the clouds and the storms to themselves !  
 And each day with new love,  
 In fair bow'rs we will rove,  
 And be happy as two little elves !

Then if wandering's your *forte*,  
 We will visit the Porte,  
 Or Germany, Russia, or Spain;  
 And when tired, we will fly,  
 In a sunbeam's soft eye,  
 To the land of our fathers again !

If you care not to roam,  
 Bright shall still be our home,  
 And new pleasures each hour shall be born;  
 Fresh violets shall shed  
 Their mild sweets o'er thy head,  
 And joy kiss thy eyelids each morn.

If bleak poverty's ours,  
 We'll yet tread upon flowers,  
 If *content* find a home in our breast;  
 And though poor, there are still,  
 Our sad bosoms to fill  
 With gratitude, blessings that rest.

If in wealth we abound,  
 We will then look around  
 For others our comforts to share;  
 To the indigent give;—  
 And e'en thus will we live,  
 Unshackled by harassing care.

Now what think you of this  
 Little picture of bliss?  
 'Tis better than ~~set~~<sup>set</sup> by the fire,  
 Never daring to see  
 What before us may be,  
 Lest hidden misfortunes transpire!

In this magical way,  
 In the stead of *one* day,  
 A *thousand* delightful we make;  
 We the present enjoy,  
 With the future we toy,  
 And our happiness place at no stake.

Ah! I quickly can see  
 That with me you agree;  
 So adieu to the churlish old sages!  
 For we'll ne'er be the tool  
 Of deep Sophistry's school,  
 But read only Hope's brilliant pages!



## THE SPIRIT LAND.

PAUL ZELAND MENTIONS THAT THERE IS A MOUNTAIN IN SOME PART OF IRELAND, WHERE THE GHOSTS OF PERSONS WHO HAVE DIED IN FOREIGN LANDS, WALK ABOUT, AND CONVERSE WITH THOSE THEY MEET, LIKE LIVING PEOPLE.

*See Note to one of the Irish Melodies.*

THEY tell of a land where the Spirit Dead  
 In shadowy bands leave their clay-cold bed,  
     For this green earth so fair and bright;  
 Their accents have still sweet tones as of yore,  
 Their forms are the same as those they once bore,  
     Though sadder to our tearful sight!

Such, struggling on o'er the rough sea of life,  
 'Midst the wreck of our hopes, 'midst tears and strife,  
     Are the thoughts of happier days!  
 Of departed joys--of youth in its spring,—  
 O'er whose dark shadows fond mem'ry would fling  
     Her mournful, yet sweetly bright rays!

TO —.

“PEACE BE BOTH TO THEE, AND PEACE BE TO THINE HOUSE, AND  
PEACE BE UNTO ALL THAT THOU HAST!”

BELoved companion of my happiest hours !  
Thou who hast strewn my early path with flowers ;—  
Is there a name  
That can bespeak a kind and feeling thought,—  
A name with tenderest affection fraught,  
*Thou* could'st not claim ?

Ah, no ! *no* words can e'er express thy love,—  
No deed its fond devotedness can prove ;  
Nor hath speech power,  
The high and noble mind, the worth to tell,  
Which in thy pure and gentle bosom dwell,—  
A wealthy dower !

Nor words, nor deeds, are wanting ; for the *heart*  
Needs none—a truth so deep-felt to impart.

Oh! be it thine

To know, that wheresoe'er thy feet may trace,  
Smiles of affection from each loving face

On thee still shine !

That wheresoe'er thy path of life may be,  
A blessing and a welcome go with thee!

That holy peace,

That virtuous love unto thy home be given,  
And lasting faith to plead for thee in Heaven,  
When life shall cease !

## SONG OF THE EXILE.

BID THE WIND SPEAK OF ME WHERE I HAVE DWELT.

*The Boon of Memory.*

WHENCE comest thou, thou mountain wind,  
 So joyously and free?  
 The chainless and the unconfined,  
 All nature yields to thee!  
 Whence comest thou? Far hence away  
 Thy accents seem to tell,  
 Where the sun sheds a golden day  
 O'er every laughing dell.

Where the sweet woodbine shades the cot,  
 And the stock-dove builds its nest;  
 Where all is love! oh, that bright spot  
 Is hallowed in this breast!  
 Then say, when last thou didst sweep by,  
 Was there no change around?  
 Still didst thou see the laughing eye,  
 And hear light voices sound?

And did the streamlets murmur soft,  
     As they were wont to do ?  
 Now, by the rich odours thou dost waft,  
     I know that it is so !  
 That yet there is the step to greet,  
     And the sweet flow'rets bloom ;  
 Oh ! shall I e'er the loved ones meet  
     Around my peaceful home ?

And when thy voice was raised, did they  
     Hear in its plaintive tone,  
 Sounds that breathed aught of him away,  
     Far in his wand'rings lone ?  
 Oh ! softly play with zephyr breeze,  
     Stirring scarce the silver lake,  
 And dancing 'midst the forest trees,  
     Kind thoughts of him awake !

And bid the tempest's moanings sleep  
     In their own caves profound ;  
 Far from that cherish'd dwelling keep  
     Whate'er of woe doth sound ;  
 And blight not a flower in the glen  
     Where childhood's days have pass'd,  
 And where perchance this heart again  
     May find its rest at last !

Over a bright land thou hast flown,  
Where I, too, fain would be ;  
Where those I once might call my own,  
Are watching still for me !  
Parted from them full many a year,  
Fond Memory's true to all !  
*Home* in thy joyous tones I hear,  
And all its love recall !

Then hail ! thou fearless mountain wind,  
So joyous and so free !  
The viewless and the unconfined !  
E'en as the billowy sea  
Thy wild and deep-toned music bring  
My roof to whisper round ;  
Sweeter than all the flowers of spring  
Is thine own breezy sound !

## STANZAS.

## I.

THE blue still waters lay before us, with the farewell smile  
 Of sunset ling'ring on their surface clear,  
 Reflecting back in golden beauty the gigantic pile,  
 That rose in most ambitious grandeur near.

## II.

No breath came o'er us, not a ripple even gently stirred,  
 Dared by some zephyr into sportive play,  
 Yet ever and anon the measured plash of oars was heard,  
 As through the tide the lonely bark made way.

## III.

From the dark shore we gazed!—we watch'd the moon  
 rise up on high,  
 As the dim shades of eve began to fall;  
 Twilight drew slowly round,—his steps were unperceived  
 well nigh,  
 And the pale stars came forth at Night's soft call!

## IV.

It was a pure and holy night! oh, well I know its rest  
 Fell like a balm upon each wearied heart,  
 Filling with better thoughts and higher hopes the care-  
 worn breast,—  
 Ne'er shall the memory of that scene depart!

## TO MY SISTER, ASLEEP.

THOU hast sunk, dearest ! sweetly unto rest ;  
A rest so gentle, yet profound,  
As Innocence were nestled in thy breast,  
And Peace and Love kept vigils round.

And oh ! *whose* slumbers should be light and kind,  
If *thine* my sister, were not so ?  
Thy heart so fond, so pure thy truthful mind,  
Unquiet thoughts thou ne'er canst know !

Now, by that smile upon thy placid face,  
Thou'rt in the fairyland of dreams !  
Oh ! how I would that I had power to trace,  
What to thy fancy wild, so pleasing seems !

Yet though this cannot be, I still may keep  
My watch beside thy little bed ;  
And pray that God will give thee gentle sleep,  
And blessings o'er thy pathway shed !

Oh ! may'st thou, loved one, o'er life's stormy sea  
So guide thy fragile bark aright,  
That thy *last* slumber calm and pure may be,  
E'en as thy happy rest to night !



## GENTLE STAR.

STAR that art gleaming brightly above !  
Look'st thou now on the home of my love ?  
That home so fond and so dear to me,  
Where the loving and loved can only be ;  
    Look'st thou on that fair home,  
        Gentle star ?

There are happy hearts around that hearth,  
That yet know only of joy and mirth ;  
Oh ! that they might through life's busy scene,  
Be as free from grief as erst they have been !  
    Look'st thou on that fair home,  
        Gentle star ?

'Tis far away !—yet thou makest it seem  
As if all the days were but a dream,  
That have wearied by with ling'ring trace,  
Since I left that cherished dwelling-place !

Look'st thou on that fair home,

Gentle star ?

Oh ! tell them she they have loved so well,  
In spirit still in each heart will dwell !  
Still speak in each treasured memory,  
As they think of joys that used to be.

Look'st thou on that fair home,

Gentle star ?

## THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

LIFE'S VEIL ENFOLDS THEE, STILL OUR EYES DIVIDING,  
YET VIEWLESS LOVE FLOATS ROUND THEE SILENTLY.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

I AM WITH THEE, BE THOU HOWEVER FAR.

*Goëthe.*

WHEN in the lonely hour of night,  
The deep blue heavens are shining bright,  
All bathed in their own starry light;  
Then am I near!

When the soft zephyr breezes blow,  
And the dark wild woods answer low  
To the clear streamlet's murmuring flow;  
Then am I near!

And when the sun in golden dye,  
Bids earth farewell half mournfully,  
Tinging with amber light the sky;  
Then am I near!

For I too look upon that sun,  
Whose rays, departing one by one,  
To mortals tell of brightness gone !

Oh, ever near !

And in each sorrow dark of thine,  
Around thee shall my spirit shine,  
And, breathing words of hope divine,

Be ever near !

And by thy couch bright watch I'll keep,  
When thou art lulled in golden sleep,  
Whisp'ring in accents soft and deep,

I still am near !

Long as thou art on earth will I  
Still guard thee with affection's eye ;  
Still, hov'ring o'er thee silently,

Be ever near !

## THE EILDON TREE.

TREAD with lightsome footsteps here !  
There are those whom mortals fear,  
Dwell the Tree of Eildon near !

They are forms of fairy birth,  
Freed from all the cares of earth,  
Knowing only joy and mirth.

Human eye shall never see  
Where the spirit's home may be,  
Spell-bound amid secrecy !

Fruitless is the search to know  
Haunts they love to roam below ;—  
Knowledge that must end in woe !

Never yet hath mortal vain  
Tried a spirit's love to gain,  
But it brought him grief and pain.

By a sign and by a spell,  
All things, wheresoe'er they dwell,  
To their bidding they compel.

And the fairy's charms are strong,  
And the fairy's wrath is long,—  
Woe to him that doth them wrong!

Yet their days are glad and bright,  
Full of mirth and young delight,  
Joy too pure for mortal sight!

Listen! sounds of revelry!  
Laughter light comes gaily by,—  
Dance they now right merrily!

Music sweet beyond compare  
Filleth all the sultry air;  
Life! wert thou as free from care!

THE FULL SOUL OF ITS SWEETNESS IS DRAWN OUT BY TEARS.

*Moore.*

'Tis said that in life's early morning of gladness,  
The soul's highest powers are unknown and unfelt;  
That the heart of the bard is wakened in sadness,  
And sweetest *his* strains with whom sorrow hath dwelt!

Yet believe not these vain words, my heart's dearest  
treasure!

The mind which could own so ungrateful a thought,  
Hath ne'er, e'en in fancy, enjoyed the pure pleasure  
With which this short being by love hath been fraught.

Ah! who that hath lived in thine eyes' sunny beaming,  
And wandered with thee through the bright bowers of  
earth,

Hath not felt his whole soul with melody teeming,  
And called forth his rich gift of song into mirth?

Yes! the minstrel in grief may charm us to weeping,  
And sympathy hold us awhile in her chain;  
Yet when the free heart unto gladness is leaping,  
Oh! dearest and sweetest, I know, is that strain!

## SONG OF THE BULBUL.

O ! let me now thy Bulbul be,  
And I will sweetly sing to thee  
A song of honeyed melody !

Shall it be of the land where blows  
In luscious fragrance the gay rose,  
Whose far-famed love each poet knows ?

Or of the clime where every flower  
Is emblematic of Love's power,—  
Blooming and fading in an hour ?

Or of the moonlight's silver beam,  
That dallies with the lisping stream,  
When starry worlds above us gleam ?

Shall these be subjects of my lay ?  
What wouldst thou have ? Ah ! dearest, say,  
For I to thee would chant all day !



Or would'st thou now prefer the tale  
Of my sad life, that I bewail  
Each evening in yon shady vale?

Haply a song of love more bright,  
Where no dark fiend the joy dare blight,  
Perchance *this* would thee more delight?

*All* moods unto the loving heart  
Are easy, if the varied art  
Can to the *loved* a joy impart!

Then let me now thy Bulbul be,  
And thou, my gentle one, shall see  
How sweetly I will sing to thee!

## LOVE.

THE HEART IS A GARDEN, AND YOUTH IS ITS SPRING, AND  
HOPE IS ITS SUNSHINE, AND LOVE IS A THORNY PLANT THAT GROWS  
UP AND BEARS ONE BRIGHT FLOWER, WHICH HAS NOTHING LIKE  
IT IN ALL THE EARTH.

*G. P. R. James.*

KNOW'ST thou a bright and brilliant flower,  
That blossoms fair in Nature's bower?  
Thorns to protect the timid one,  
Around it raise their prickly zone;  
For bruise a leaf,—the rosy dye  
Fades even as the sunset sky,  
And withered all, leaves scarce a trace,  
Where once it owned familiar place.  
Know'st thou the flower of which I tell?  
Oh, guard it as a precious spell!  
Watch o'er it! Let no stranger rude  
In its loved sunny bower intrude;  
For, jealous of another nigh,  
It shuns the gaze of curious eye;

Watch o'er it! and it will repay  
Thy gentle care each happy day ;  
Its tendrils round thy home shall twine,  
Making the heart more firmly thine,  
And with unfolding graces bright,  
Beguile the passing hours' quick flight ;—  
Know'st thou the flower of which I tell ?  
Its name is Love—O, guard it well !

TO E. H.  
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WINTER hath scarcely left us yet;  
For still the tardy flowers  
That peep above the frozen earth,  
Seem as they would awhile forget  
To deck her bowers,  
Making them homes of life and mirth!

I wish I could have brought for thee,  
As birthday offering,  
Some gem in beauteous colours drest,  
Pale lily or anemone,  
Or first fair flower of spring:  
I know 't would glad thy pensive breast.

For thou, Beloved! art Nature's own;  
E'en her most secret way,  
Her wildest paths, are thy delight;  
Then tell me, should she not have thrown,  
To greet this happy day,  
O'er all, her gayest honours bright!

Yet Nature's gifts may well pass by

Unheeded 'midst the mirth

That fills this morn with melody !

The gentle voice, the loving eye,

E'en from thy very birth,

Have been far dearer gifts to thee.

And may they, loved one, still be thine !

Still may thy youthful heart

That daily care and influence prove,

Which o'er thy home so brightly shine ;

Ne'er may that spell depart,

Whose charm consists in household love !

Thine be the smile, the tender smile,

Affection true endears,

The pleasures thine which never cloy ;

Unknown to thee be pain and guile,

For if thou must shed tears,

May they be only tears of joy !

## ON TWO SKETCHES BY GUERCINO.

## I.

## AN ANGEL TEACHING A CHILD.

HAPPY and blessed child ! thus early taught,  
From the pure fountain of Eternal truth,  
Those sacred lessons with deep wisdom fraught ;  
Happy and blest ! that thus thy budding youth,  
Led by that Angel form, is guided so  
That thy young mind, now cloudless as his own,  
May be in after life strong to forego  
The dark temptations round its wand'rings thrown :  
Or if stern sorrow be thine earthly dower,  
Owning alike the hand of HIM above,  
Be girded with high faith and deathless power,  
Fitly to meet the chastisement of love,  
That giveth unto each his trial hour !  
Happy and blessed child ! With lifted eyes  
And folded hands, in gentle innocence  
Thus meekly praying ! God will not despise  
Thy young heart's offered tribute, but dispense  
To thee, of blessings and of joy thy share,  
So humbly, trustfully implored. Oh ! ne'er

Forget these lessons of thine early youth;  
 But wending onward still through life's short day,  
 Pursue thy chosen path with changeless truth,  
 And ever thus to God thy worship pay!

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## II.

## BOY READING A SCROLL.

What art thou reading, boy? Some scroll  
 Of antique times, whose letters strange  
 Thy wilful fancy now would range,  
 Its secret wisdom to unrol?

Or it may be the classic page  
 Thou ponderest, of history old;  
 In guise conceited quaintly told,  
 By grey biographer or sage.

Perchance the wild untutor'd lays  
 Of gay Provence's minstrel hours;  
 So often heard in fairest bowers,  
 Winning their meed of gentle praise.—

What art thou reading? Of that clime  
 Beneath whose bright and cloudless sky  
 All things in happy sunshine lie,  
 And bloom in Nature's gladdest prime?

That land of sweet yet mournful song!  
 Is it the deathless strain which fills  
 The heart, till every fibre thrills  
 With anguish at the poet's wrong?

Those wrongs too oft, alas! *their* fate,  
 Whose minds by proud aspirings taught,  
 Would win deep truths with wisdom fraught,  
 And seek for man a happier state!

What art thou reading? Hath some dove  
 Winged thee a scrap from lady fair,  
 That now thou conn'st with gladsome air,  
 Her cherished messages of love?

Ah! yes, methinks kind word she says,  
 Of gentleness and welcome fond;  
 For to the page, a fairy's wand  
 Might e'en have charmed thine earnest gaze,

Filling thy heart with hope and joy!  
 Say, hath the spell had truthful might,  
 And have I read thy scroll aright?  
 What art thou reading? Tell me, boy!



## LOVE AND THE MAIDEN.

SEE RETZSCH'S FANCIES.

SCARCE HAD HE FELT HIS WONTED GLOW,  
 THAN SWIFT HE SEIZED HIS SLENDER BOW.

\* \* \* \* \*

WITH POISON TIPT THE ARROW FLIES,  
 DEEP IN MY TORTURED HEART IT LIES;  
 THEN LOUD THE JOYOUS URCHIN LAUGHED.

*Byron.*

AH! luckless Maid! full well I see  
 The urchin pleads his fabled woe;  
 But yet beware, lest thou, like me,  
 The sad results too soon shouldst know  
     Of such a crafty tale.

The falling tear, the pallid cheek,  
 Are saddening to thy tender heart;  
 The piteous tones in sorrow speak;  
 But let not all this subtle art  
     Within thy breast prevail.

That gentleness is all in vain,  
 In vain those winning cares and smiles;  
 For 'midst his well-feigned grief and pain,  
 Canst thou not see the covert wiles  
     Of this young traitor boy?

Then shun in time his crafty snare,  
 And seize, oh! seize those weapons dire,  
 Lest to their aid he quick repair,  
 And while thou with the wound expire,  
     Exult in cruel joy!

Yes! take the bow, the polished bow,  
 And arrows tipt with shining gold,  
 (For thou these missiles well dost know,  
 Familiar to thy hands of old)  
     And bid the rogue now be

A pris'ner in *thy* rosy hands;  
 For ah! e'en Love himself must own  
 The magic power of thy bands,  
 And yield his quiver and his throne,  
     Oh, matchless Maid! to thee.

## STANZAS.

BENEATH an old oak tree we sat ;  
Its aged branches spreading round,  
An alcove formed, whose portals low,  
Flowers of gayest colours bound ;  
And distant sound of waterfall,  
Made music in our rustic hall.

The harebell and forget-me-not  
Beside the leafy cottage grew,  
And woodbine and anemone  
A welcome fragrance round it threw ;  
And distant sound of waterfall,  
Made music in our rustic hall.

The far-off moan of lowing kine,  
The rippling of the gentle stream,  
The hum of bees, the song of birds,  
Came to us like a fairy dream ;  
And distant sound of waterfall,  
Made music in our rustic hall.

TO MY YOUNGEST BROTHER,  
ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

'T is a bright sunny morning, and nature looks gay,  
As if she intended to laugh all to-day ;  
And gladsome in truth should its fair dawning be,  
While blessings and prayers are offer'd for thee !

Oh ! sweet is the promise thy young days instil !  
A promise, hope tells us, thine age will fulfil ;  
And love and delight our companions will be,  
While blessings and prayers are offer'd for thee !

May long years of happiness on thy path wait,  
While those whom thou lov'st best shall share in thy fate ;  
And God thy protector from evil shall be,  
While blessings and prayers are offer'd for thee !

## THE LILY.

Ah Lily ! poor Lily ! thy beauty hath fled,  
And thy leaves lie around thee withered and dead ;  
But thy breath is still sweet on the soft summer air,  
And spring mem'ries shall live so long as thou'rt there.

Ah Lily ! sweet Lily ! thou mournest in vain  
To look on thy youth's fair companions again :  
A rude hand hath plucked thee,—in vain thou must weep  
For the home where thy young sister flowerets sleep.

Yet, Lily ! poor Lily ! I love thee the more,  
Now that the frail bloom of thy beauty is o'er ;  
For thy drooping would seem in grief thou art true  
To the love thy first days of happiness knew.

And Lily ! sweet Lily ! thou tellest to me  
The change that in loveliest things we must see ;  
And I'll keep thee to whisper, in moments of mirth,  
How short are the pleasures most cherished on earth !

## THE CRUSADERS.

WHEN POPE URBAN, IN THE MIDST OF HIS HARANGUE, INTRODUCED THE VERSE OF THE GOSPEL — “WHOSOEVER SHALL QUIT HOUSE, OR FATHER, OR MOTHER, OR WIFE, OR LANDS, FOR MY NAME, SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDRED FOLD,” THE WHOLE AUDIENCE INTERRUPTED THE SPEAKER WITH THE UNIVERSAL CRY OF “GOD WILLS IT! GOD WILLS IT!”

*See Hist. of France, by E. E. Crowe.*

RESPLENDENT rose the wished-for day  
 Upon Auvergues' fair sunny lands,  
 When all her knights, in dread array,  
 Assembled each their faithful bands.

Why stood they on that holy ground,  
 In gleaming armour dight?  
 Why, on the sodden greensward round,  
 Lay spears and helmets bright?

Amid the stillness of that crowd,  
 An old man's voice was heard;  
 Clear were its piercing notes, and loud,  
 That each brave bosom stirred!

It told them of a clime afar,  
Where cross and min'ret beamed ;  
Where loudly rang the noise of war,  
Where steel and corslet gleamed !

It told them of the Christian's woes,  
Of suff'rings long and dire ;  
And stronger then the voice arose,  
As with inspired fire !

It bade each heart be firm and brave,  
Each arm the sword to wield !  
It bade them trust the stormy wave,  
And seek the battle-field !

How answered they his tale of wrong ?—  
At first the brave ones wept !  
But yet not thus within them long  
The bursting torrent slept !

Through all a thrilling murmur ran,  
As when strong bosoms bleed ;  
Then burst this cry from ev'ry man,—  
“ 'Tis God ! God wills the deed ! ”

## FRAGMENT.

I heard an old and well-remembered air ;  
It came upon me like a summer breeze,  
So soft and gentle were its tones. And though  
I oft had listened to its notes before,  
Something there was so sweet in its low swell,  
That all my sleeping soul woke into joy !  
Through the bright day, and through the long, long night  
It haunted me as with a dreamy spell ;  
And often when I would have flown from it,  
Fond mem'ry sang it unto me again,  
As some young mother smiles her infant child  
To lullaby ! E'en so the human heart  
In silence slumbers o'er the faded past,  
Till some fond recollection, some bright mem'ry,  
Brings it back to sudden life ; and, teeming  
With a thousand bygone joys, in vain we seek  
To fly its gentle thralldom ;—round our hearts  
Its spell hath wound itself, and through long days,  
And through long nights, even as that sweet air,  
The melody still haunts our souls !



## A MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

MORNING hath once more come !

The bright and happy morn

Now shines above my peaceful home !

What breathings sweet of flowers and spring

Her perfumed footsteps with them bring ;—

How soft her gentle dawn !

O Heav'nly Father ! Thou whose eye can see

In midnight's darkest hour, as noontide blaze,

My first and my last waking thought shall be

Still dedicated to Thy love and praise !

And for the grateful slumber shed

Upon my weary aching head,

For safety through the silent night,

And sweet return of day-spring bright,

I bless thy name, my Father and my King !

## STANZAS.

IN winter's dark and dreary hours,  
What yearnings vain within us rise,  
For hopes of summer with her flowers,  
Her laughing sports, her sunny skies !

E'en so the restless, weary heart,  
When sorrows, winter o'er it fling,  
Sighs from this dreary earth to part,  
And seek in Heaven eternal spring !

SLIGHT ARE THE THINGS WHEREWITH  
WE 'RE BOUND.

How joyful 'tis to meet again,  
After many a danger past ;  
To talk of every parting pain  
That o'er our hearts its shadow cast !

It is the secret doubt and fear,  
The dread of woe, the hope of weal ;  
'Tis these that render absence dear,  
And teach the wayward heart to feel.

The anxious wish that mem'ry fond,  
Still true to love's superior sway,  
Would sometimes, with her magic wand,  
Bring back a bygone happy day !

How many recollections teem,  
Thus brightly, in the breast!  
Even as haunted by a dream,  
That leaves no thought, no wish of rest.

A word, unnoticed at the time,  
A look, back on the heart will come,  
When wand'ring in a distant clime,  
And tell the dreaming one of home.

Of home! Ah! that sweet word hath pow'r,  
With love, and hope, and gladness rife,  
To light with smiles each happy hour:  
It is the sunshine of this life!

## CANZONET.

WANDERING through the tangled dell,  
 I spied a lone and modest flower,  
 And knew it was the pimpernel  
 We used to cull in youth's fresh hour;  
 I thought of *thee*, love! then, I thought of thee!

When passing by the waterfall,  
 So proudly dashing spray-gems round,  
 My heart leapt forth to meet its call,  
 For we first loved to its wild sound;  
 I thought of thee, love! then, I thought of thee!

Far away in the sunny sky  
 The summer birds were warbling clear,  
 In loud and rapid melody,  
 The songs to gentle hearts so dear;  
 I thought of thee, love! then, I thought of thee!

Thine own sweet nature is entwined  
 With every happy thing on earth;  
 In laughing skies, bright flowers, enshrined,  
 And every voice of joy and mirth  
 Brings thoughts of thee! my love, brings thoughts of thee!

---

WE met around our father's hearth,  
In the happy Christmas time ;  
And songs were sung, and tales of mirth  
Were told to the light laugh's chime !

The playful jest went freely round,  
While the cup of friendship pass'd ;  
And footsteps fell with as light a sound  
As when we had met there last !

Was only joy around that hearth,  
On the happy Christmas-eve ?  
While songs were sung amidst our mirth,  
Was there nought to make us grieve ?

From our gladsome home a light had gone,  
A voice been for ever stilled ;  
Vacant the cherished seat, and lone,  
That was once so brightly filled !

And we met around our father's hearth,  
To mourn o'er the loved and dead ;  
And songs were hushed, and tales of mirth,  
As tears for the lost were shed !

We thought of how *they* loved that hour,  
In the sunny days of yore ;  
And bless'd fond Memory's chast'ning power,  
That so made *us* love it more !

And while around our father's hearth,  
In the Christmas time we met ;  
We felt that those who had left this earth,  
Would look down and bless us yet !

## OUR EARLY PRIME.

HEIGHO ! for the days of our early prime !  
When we dreamed dreams of a golden clime,  
And the brightest things that in nature grew,  
Were the only loves our glad spirits knew ;  
When the starry flowers with their drooping bells,  
And the gloomy depths of the tangled dells,  
And the streamlet rippling sweetly and clear,  
Were our childhood's fond playmates loved and dear !

I sigh for the days of our early prime,  
When we wander'd forth in the summer time,  
And plucked the white daisy and hawthorn branch,  
And made for ourselves a flowery lance ;  
While the feathery fern was our plume so gay,  
As it waved o'er our heads in victor sway.  
Ah ! we thought ourselves far happier then,  
Than the grandest kings or wealthiest men !



We tore the red bead from the young ash boughs,  
 To make coral wreaths for our childish brows,  
 And played with the bells of buttercups gold,  
 And tested the truth of the story old ;  
 We cut the soft beech for a whistle shrill,  
 That e'en rivall'd the blackbird's loudest trill ;  
 And O ! what joy in our frolicsome glee,  
 As it rang forth so loud and merrily !

We went to the pool and the tufted brake,  
 And plucked the slim reeds a helmet to make,  
 And the bulrush long was our spear so green,  
 And the dock-leaf our flag of emerald sheen ;  
 While oftentimes we sat by the mossy well,  
 That secretly lies on the mountain fell,  
 And peeped o'er the stone in the waters bright,  
 And flung far around us the spray drops light !

I sigh for the days of our early prime,—  
 The days of the hoary winter time,  
 When a snowy veil was spread o'er the earth,  
 And we threw the white balls in gladsome mirth ;  
 Or crossed the still lake in fearless pride,  
 Or darted along on the merry slide,  
 While the panting breath and the rosy cheek,  
 Might of nought but health and happiness speak !

And then the long evenings were glad and bright,  
 As we closely drew round the fire's warm light,  
 For still there were games, and laughter, and toys,  
 For each one in turn his favourite joys ;  
 While decked in finery, borrowed awhile  
 (That oft made the *grave* ones secretly smile),  
 In the pride of our pomp and fancied state,  
 We mimick'd the balls and masques of the great !

Ambitious I trow as older we grew,  
 From History's page our next scenes we drew,  
 As Edward the Fourth or Margaret bold,  
 We valiantly strove our rights to uphold ;  
 Ne'er battled more fierce for monarchy brief,  
 The kingly usurper and warrior chief !  
 These all are passed by !—years come on apace ;  
 Yet childhood's glad hours they *ne'er* shall efface !

I sigh for the days of our early prime !  
 For the dreamy days of that happy time,  
 When the song, and bird, and the rippling rill,  
 Had spells to bind us in love to them still !  
 When the tears we shed were as dewdrops light,  
 That lie on the wild flower's bosom at night ;  
 And in our gay laugh no sound might be heard,  
 Of the care which since then our hearts hath stirred !

When the hopes we nurtured were bright and true,  
As the golden visions our fancy drew ;  
And our slumbers were calm and pure as those,  
They tell us the gentle babe only knows !  
Oh ! these are the hours with such memories rife,  
As we think of the past in after-life !  
I sigh for the days of our early prime ;—  
*Who* yearns not again for his youth's glad time ?

## TO MY BROTHER WILLY.

THOU'RT dear, my Brother! very dear!  
I love to see thy laughter wild  
At some slight jest that thou may'st hear,  
For thou wast e'er a merry child;  
Thou'rt dear, yes, very dear!

I love thee, for thy youthful heart  
Is filled with kind and gentle thought;  
No sin hath in thy breast a part,  
But all thy life with good is fraught;  
Thou'rt dear, yes, very dear!

I love to trace in thee the dawn  
Of future years of promise bright;  
And fondly mark each coming morn,  
New acts of virtue spring to light;  
Thou'rt dear, yes, very dear!

I love to hear thy accents soft  
Tell gaily of thy pleasures past;  
Whose happy recollections oft  
A smile hath o'er thy pathway cast;  
Thou'rt dear, yes, very dear!

I love—what is there that I do *not* love,  
That brings a gladsome thought to thee?  
Each fondest wish for thee I prove,  
For thou, my Brother, art to me  
Most dear, yes, very dear!

Oh! may a bright sun o'er thee shine,  
Dispelling every ling'ring gloom;  
Nor grief, nor sorrow e'er be thine,  
But love and joy thy home illumine!  
Thou'rt dear, yes, very dear!

## THE CHILD'S FIRST SORROW.

OH ! why thus weepest thou, my gentle child ?  
Let me thy tale of sorrow know ;  
Thine eyes that shone erewhile with laughter wild,  
The sudden tear-drops now o'erflow.

Is it some plaything rare, some favourite gem,  
That hath been taken from thy store ?  
Or that thy flowery wreath, fit diadem,  
Hath faded ere the morn is o'er ?

Sweet child ! the dewy tear, the mournful sigh,  
Should ne'er thy sad companions be ;  
Then weep not thus, but let thy grief pass by,  
There yet are brighter things for thee !

For see, we'll gather fairer flow'rs of spring,  
To twine fresh circlets for thy brow ;  
And listen to the birds that sweetly sing  
From every fragrant bending bough.

And thou shalt roam the leafy woods among,  
In search of glowworm's lowly nest,  
While I with many a tale and merry song,  
Will hush each sorrow of thy breast !

Oh ! thus when deeper griefs o'erwhelm thy mind,  
When heavier trials thou may'st know,  
E'en then, as now, be it thy lot to find  
In love a refuge from each woe !

## TO THE MOON.

I love thee not, thou silver Moon!  
Thy smile so ever cold and bright,  
Chills all my young and joyous heart,  
With its unvarying steadfast light.—  
When earth is clad in mourning deep,  
Thou comest forth with ceaseless smile,  
As 'mid the darkness dwelling round,  
The brighter thou would'st shine the while!  
Oh! yon fair little changing star,  
Sparkling and dancing as in play,  
With it, bright opal of the sky!  
My soul would live, far, far away!  
But thou, still splendent, still the same,  
With cold and ever-steadfast light,  
Chill'd do I turn from thee;—I love  
Thee not, pale Regent of the Night!



## SONG.

I sought thee !  
By the silvery fountain,  
Among the forests deep,  
By the far-off mountain,  
And where the corals sleep ;  
I sought—but found thee not !

I sought thee !  
In thy bower of gladness,  
Where love and beauty played,  
In the midnight's sadness,  
And in the noontide shade,  
I sought—but found thee not !

I sought thee !  
Earth was dark and clouded,  
And joy's fond smile had fled ;  
Grief my bosom shrouded,  
For thou wert with the dead !  
I sought—but found thee not !

THE SOFT STILL NIGHT !  
 THE HOLY PAUSE OF CARE AND MIRTH,  
 OF SOUND AND LIGHT !

*F. Hemans.*

I love the night !  
 The time of deep and holy thought !  
 With what calm glory it is fraught ;  
 Its many peopled worlds how bright !

It is the hour  
 For prayer and adoration's strain ;  
 The hour when every earthly pain  
 Is hush'd before a mightier power !

A stillness deep  
 Hangs over all fair things around ;  
 And Nature too, like Man, is bound  
 In one vast heavy chain of sleep !

Yes! all is still,  
 Save the low chimes of village bell,  
 That now the passing moments tell,  
 And thinking minds with musing fill.

Oh! holy time,  
 When earth-born care and anguish cease!  
 When nature's *universal* peace,  
 Seems like a breath of Heaven's pure clime!

---

TO \* \* \* \*

WHEN trouble comes o'er thee, think not of thy grief,  
 Nor fancy thy lot is too weighty to bear:  
 Thy sorrow, whate'er it prove, still must be brief,  
 And God hath forbade us to yield to despair.

And mourn not for those who have gone from this earth,  
 Though fleeting their sunshine of youth seemed to be;  
 They left ere they tasted of aught save its mirth,  
 And believe me, are happier far than we.

What ! hath sorrow so seldom o'erclouded thy way,  
That thy heart must a lesson to meet it receive ?  
'Tis well ! life is not a bright summer day,  
To be pass'd without giving a thought to its eve !

Oh ! think in thy moments of deepest distress,  
On the joys that in youth's sunny prime were thy share ;  
Then bright thoughts of the past the future will bless,  
And lighten one half of thy burthen of care !

As the young moon unveils her pale gentle face,  
The light that she gives, though reflected, is dear ;  
Thus to Memory's joys half the present we trace,  
E'en though we recal them sometimes with a tear !

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE summer is gone, and the leaf hath turned sear,  
All bright things are passing away ;  
And ye, too, whose presence brought happiness here,  
Depart for a sunnier day !

Ye are leaving us now dark winter is nigh,  
Our groves will be mute till the spring ;  
Yet light are your hearts as ye soar through the sky,  
And free the wild sweep of your wing !

Ye leave us, and ere we may see you again,  
What changes o'er all may have pass'd !  
Perchance the dark shadows of sorrow and pain  
Their gloom o'er our homes may have cast !

Perchance they that mourn your departure with tears,  
    May, ere the spring come, be no more ;  
Or burthened with cares, and earth's busy fears,  
    No welcome can give as of yore !

To the nest ye built ye are bidding adieu,  
    To the young to your bosoms so dear ;  
Yet still in your hearts lives a hope high and true,  
    That ye will return to us here !

And that hope e'en for us, shall weave its bright spell,  
    Though grief to our dwellings draw nigh,  
And a brighter and happier future foretel,  
    When winter's dark reign hath pass'd by !

Then farewell ye wand'ers ! I long shall bewail  
    Your silvery melody sweet ;  
And O ! when the spring re-adorns each dark vale,  
    In gladness again may we meet !

## WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE.

THERE were many homes smiled fair around,  
All beautiful to see ;  
Yet 't was not these which made that ground  
So hallowed unto me ;—

Nor yet the priceless gifts bestow'd  
By nature on the place,  
Though e'en from these enchantments flow'd  
That time can ne'er efface !

It was the presence of a mind,  
Whose calm and holy thought  
Was with each lovely thing entwined,  
With every scene infraught !

Each flower a record had to tell,  
Of some bright happy day ;  
Oh ! where the good and gentle dwell,  
What owneth not their sway ?

And for that deathless song, whose tone  
Each heart in love hath bound,  
For the pure influence it has thrown  
On every dwelling round,—

And for that blameless life—a guide  
To heavenly peace and rest ;  
For this, oh ! more than all beside,  
That home of love be blest !



## SONG.

GAILY steer through life ;  
Never pain nor woe,  
Neither care nor strife,  
Shall our bosoms know !  
Hey ho ! cheerily, cheerily ho !  
On through life !

All our path is bright ;  
Joy and mirth are ours,  
Smiles and jestings light  
Pass the merry hours !  
Hey ho ! cheerily, cheerily ho !  
Pass the hours !

Love, his regal sway,  
Here hath fixed for aye ;  
Laugh ye then to-day,  
Soon ye'll learn to sigh.  
Hey ho ! cheerily, cheerily ho !  
Laugh to-day !

Laugh and love ye on,  
 Love is short though sweet;  
 Soon bright hours are gone,  
 Joy is ever fleet.  
 Hey ho! cheerily, cheerily ho!  
 Joy is fleet!

Then steer on amain,  
 Heart and hand we'll lend,  
 Nor look back again,  
 Time will quickly end.  
 Hey ho! cheerily, cheerily ho!  
 Till time end!

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### FRAGMENT.

STERN Winter, like a hoary miser,  
 Conscious of all the hidden riches that he calls  
 His own, safe guards them by an icy band  
 Within the frozen bosom of the earth;  
 Till gentler Spring, his son benign,  
 Comes with a golden key of promise, and unlocks  
 The glittering casket!

## A WELCOME.

My Friend! my Beloved!

I welcome thee back,  
As one who hath roved  
In joy's sunny track!

As flowers in spring,  
When fair things have birth;  
As song-birds that bring  
The promise of mirth

As day-dreamings sweet,  
As bright music flown,  
Thy coming I greet,  
My loved one! mine own!

## SONG.

TO \* \* \* \*.

THY form is as fair  
As the spirits of air,  
When they fly o'er the grassy lea ;  
And thy step as light  
As the dews of night,  
When they noiseless fall o'er each tree !

Thy voice is as soft  
As the breezes that waft  
The mild breath of Heaven to earth ;  
And thy laugh's so clear,  
When its tones we hear,  
It seemeth the birthplace of mirth !

Thine eyes are as bright  
As the stars of night,  
When they smile from her throne above ;  
And the fringe that seems  
To curtain their beams,  
Is her veil o'er a world of love !

Thy heart is so fond,  
That some Genii's wand  
Might have charmed evil thoughts away !  
And thy mind as free  
From impurity,  
As the sunshine of summer's day !

A joy and delight  
Is thy presence bright,  
For we know then gladness is nigh ;  
Oh ! thou art loved well,  
As each heart will tell,  
But *none* love more fondly than *I* !

## THE HAPPY DAYS WE 'VE SPENT TOGETHER.

THERE are times amid life's ever-busy scene,  
 Fond times departed from us long ago,  
 Which come, with thoughts of joys that once have been,  
 With gladness o'er our path; —such are I trow,  
     The happy days we 've spent together!

Ah! not more dear the sunbeam from on high,  
 That o'er yon cloud erewhile its brightness cast,  
 Than to our hearts the gentle memory  
 Of days so quickly yet so sweetly pass'd;  
     The happy days we 've spent together!

When cherished thoughts were told, and joys confess'd,  
 That else had silent lain within their home;  
 And gladness filled each young and bounding breast,  
 At hope of many a happy day to come,  
     Like those we 've spent together!

And each one, as time brings a weight of years  
 When far, perchance, from all once loved so well  
 Will oft recal, sometimes, with sorrow's tears,  
 T' enhance the magic of our childhood's spell,  
     The happy days we 've spent together!

## STANZAS.

IL N'EST POINT DE VIEILLESSE,  
POUR QUI LE TEMPS N'A PAS CHANGE LE CŒUR.

*La Bonne Vieille.*

THINE eye, Beloved! is as the eagle's glance,  
So deep and dark its lustre bright,  
And thy soft voice's silver accents dance  
In echoes to thy laughter light;  
And clustered curls wave o'er thy polished brow,  
Which yet a furrow hath not known,  
For all is bright and joyous to thee now,  
E'en as thy happy heart—mine own!

But there will come a time when that dark eye  
Shall be bedimmed by sorrow's tears,  
And heavy care upon thy brow will lie,  
Deep furrowed with increasing years;  
And round thy face will hang the silver hair,  
And changed will be thy joyous tone,  
Yet thou to me wilt still be dear and fair,  
If but *thine heart* the same—mine own!

## NOT ALONE.

I AM NOT ALONE, BECAUSE THE FATHER IS WITH ME.

*John xvi.*

MOURN ye for me, my friends ? oh, dry  
 The vainly starting tear !  
 Hush every fond, each anxious sigh,  
 Grief bids ye cherish here ;  
 And call me not “ alone !”

’T is true that they are fled who gave  
 Earth-beauty unto me ;  
 And in the dark and silent grave  
 Now slumber peacefully—  
 Yet call me not alone !

For though ye *see* them not, they’re near,  
 And guardian vigils keep  
 O’er those to them so loved and dear,  
 Who still their mem’ries weep—  
 Think not I am alone !



They speak to me each day, each hour,  
With voices soft and stilled ;  
And with a more than mortal power,  
Their accents calm are filled—  
Then call me not alone !

They speak to me at morn, at eve,  
They tell me they are blest ;  
And comfort then my griefs receive,  
To know they are at rest—  
Oh ! call me not alone !

And though the days be darkened now,  
I feel not it is chill ;  
Nor do I heed the withered bough,  
So they are with me still—  
And I am not alone !

Yet spring will soon adorn the trees,  
And flowers bloom again ;  
Then shall I hear them in each breeze ;  
Each rill will murmur then,  
“ Thou art not yet alone ! ”

Oh ! *not alone*, my friends ! for there  
 Is One who sits on high,  
 That bids me hush this deep despair,  
 And dry the weeping eye—  
 For I am not alone !

Of gentle hope and love He tells,  
 Of calm and heavenly peace ;  
 Then trusting faith within me dwells,  
 And pain and sorrow cease—  
 For I am not alone !

My Father and my God ! I bless  
 Thee for thy mercies past !  
 For all the joy and happiness,  
 That o'er my home were cast,  
 When I was *less* alone !

I bless Thee that thou dost bestow,  
 When on Thy name I call,  
 Such comfort to this heart !—but oh !  
 I bless Thee *more than all*,  
 That I am not alone !

## TO NIGHT.

COME, welcome Night! in slumber would I close  
My weary eyes, and seek awhile repose,  
From anxious thought and turmoil free;  
I would forget the busy toils of life,  
And careless of its troubles and its strife,  
Yield up myself to peace and thee!

See! the bright guiding star appeareth now,  
In dazzling splendour on thy ebon brow,  
A refuge for the wayward driven!  
Thus shines *that* star, erst given from on high,  
To guide us through this vale of misery,  
And shew mankind the way to Heaven!

## JEU D'ESPRIT.

I have no heart, I own 't is true,  
 For mine has long since flown away,  
 To take up its abode with *you* ;  
 Then, dearest ! can you say it nay ?

A home so peaceful and so kind,  
 You can't refuse the truant one ;  
 Gentle and fond your guest you'll find,  
 If you'll but treat it as *your own*.

And lest dissatisfied you be,  
 At having thus above your share,  
 Pray send *your* heart, my love to *me* ;  
 Exchange, you know, is always fair !

ON REACHING  
MY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

My eighteenth year is reached at last !  
 Joanna's never-ceasing theme !  
 And childhood's days now being past,  
 Me, childish sports no more beseem.

Forbidden quite is "Froggy" dear,  
 And "Pussy"—"only fit for boys !"  
 Reform has reached the school-room here,  
 And banished all our little joys !

For now no more at "Blind-man's buff,"  
 May I with heartfelt glee engage,  
 Laughing at each light blow and cuff,  
 Regardless of *advancing age*.

Nor at the yet sweet "Ticky Touch,"  
 May I, as once, my skill exert;  
 And shew myself the gay Nonsuch,  
 That kept Joanna on th' alert.

No! now I *sit upright*, and talk  
 With visiters about the weather;  
 Learn *etiquette*, and take a walk,  
 And pass for being "very clever!"

Yet e'en though I am seventeen,—  
 (The truth I am ashamed to tell),  
 And "now a woman quite!"—I ween  
 I love my sports still just as well;—

And almost tempted am t' exclaim,  
 In a great poet's plaintive strain—  
 (Just now I can't recal his name)—  
 "Give me my childhood back again!"

## STANZAS.

COME back as thou wert wont of yore,  
     Happy and glad and free,  
 When thy soft smile cast sunshine o'er  
     Our hearts' glad gaiety !

Come back, and let us know again  
     The blessed days of old,  
 When scarce we'd dream'd of this world's pain,  
     Or yet its sorrows told !

When Childhood's love, the pure and true,  
     The firm in grief was ours,  
 And all the cares our bosoms knew  
     Were but as faded flow'rs !

Come back ! but *not* with altered brow,  
     And heart and mind estranged !  
 I cannot bear to think that thou  
     With the world's breath art changed,—

That absence drear—a *name* alone  
     With those who love in truth,  
 Hath made thee learn a colder tone,  
     And chilled with pride thy youth !

No! come *not* back! nor let us feel  
 That all we prized is fled;  
 Gently let Time the change reveal,  
 And half subdue its dread!

Mem'ry thus banished from the breast,  
 Shall no more wake the past—  
 Oh! that Youth's dreams, though false, still blest,  
 Might e'en for ever last!

---

CHILDREN ALWAYS TURN TO THE LIGHT,—OH THAT GROWN UP  
 PEOPLE WOULD MORE FREQUENTLY FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE!

*Guesses at Truth.*

HAST thou e'er watched an infant's play?  
 Mark how ever towards the day  
 His eyes that beam with laughter bright,  
 Are turning, seeking still the light!

Oh! be thou like that little one!  
 And as life's course doth onward run,  
 In joy as in grief's darkest night,  
 Do thou thus seek the one true Light!



SONNETS AND TRANSLATIONS.



## TO MEMORY.

SWEET Memory! Thine are magic powers,  
That show'ring o'er the soul their freshening rain,  
Bid us the welcome Past live o'er again!  
'Tis thine to rouse from slumber bygone hours,  
Whose shades around our path shall scatter flowers,  
That e'en though faded, ever will bestow  
A blessed charm to win from present woe!  
How oft we turn to Childhood's sunny bowers,  
Endeared by thy bright mantle round them thrown,  
With many a thought of sweet and pleasing train!  
How oft with thee, live o'er the evenings gone,  
With those we loved, forgetting parting pain,  
While dreams of olden joys thy spells awake,  
And bid the Future brighter aspect take!

## TO REASON.

REASON! thou sober-mantled maid; with mien  
Austere yet winning, and with azure eye  
Whose look bespeaketh that calm dignity,  
Th' attendant ever of a mind serene—  
Mild Goddess! thy bright pathways would I tread.  
If through each trial, through each woe and joy  
Of life, by thy wise counsels I am led,  
No grief can bring despair, no pleasure cloy.  
Permitted for a time this earth below  
To walk, God sent thee here to teach mankind  
Their duty towards Him, and bade them find  
In thee, a light, eternal Truth to shew!  
Sage Maiden! now thy vot'ry's prayer attend—  
Be thou my Guide, Companion, and my Friend!

## TO EVENING.

HAIL ! SABLE-STOLED QUEEN, WHOSE DIADEM  
TEN THOUSAND THOUSAND BLAZING SUNS BEGEM !

*Lord Northampton.*

Now welcome, Evening, in thy robe of grey !  
For much I do prefer thine hours to those  
Of noisy merriment and glaring day ;  
They do not suit my froward mind, that throws  
O'er all a dark and saddening veil ;—to stray  
Amid the groves, whose frowning branches close  
Above my head, where far from revels gay,  
In murmur'd songs the gurgling streamlet flows,  
This do I love, while thy deep mellowed light,  
The gentle harbinger of quiet Night,  
Is shading in soft gloom all things below !  
And sometimes I do love, alone with thee,  
To sound the depths of Learning's troubled sea,  
Though but to feel how little do I know !

AND MARY KEPT ALL THESE THINGS, AND PONDERED THEM  
IN HER HEART.

*Luke ii. 19.*

How was thy heart oppress'd with tender thought,  
When those high words with joy and triumph fraught,  
First from the gazing crowd around were heard!  
And when the Shepherds came to see and bless  
Thine infant Son, how was thy bosom stirred  
With feelings deep of love and happiness!  
The wise, the good, to Him their offerings brought,  
Whom in his after-life he humbly taught!

His coming, angels oft had sung of old,  
And man bright prophecies of him had told;  
Yet this to thee no glory did impart—  
Love deep and true thy breast could only know;  
Thy virgin head was meekly bowed and low;  
Yet all was kept and pondered in thy heart!

## DESIDERIO AFFETTUOSO.

FROM METASTASIO.

MY Adah! since I first beheld thine eyes,  
 My bosom ne'er its wonted peace hath known;  
 Despiser *once* of wealth, my heart *now* sighs,  
 Because relentless Fate refuseth me a throne;  
 Yet were a thousand worlds my happy prize,  
 More truefelt bliss could ne'er have been my own,  
 Though I might then (what joyous thoughts arise!)  
 Have giv'n a kingdom to thee, dearest one!

Ah! now the empire of my heart and mind  
 Accept! nor scorn it, love, though thou wilt find  
 That small and poor must be thy sovereignty;  
 For had my lot with regal sway been fraught,  
 A larger empire I might then have brought,  
 But never one more *thine*, more *true* to thee!

## LEGGIADRA ROSA.

SCRITTO DALL'AUTORE IN ROMA A RICHIESTA IN CIRCOSTANZA  
DEL VESTIR L'ABITO RELIGIOSO DALLA SIGNORA ROSA. \* \* \*

*Metastasio.*

THOU beauteous Rose ! whom young Aurora's care  
Hath nourished with soft dewes each balmy morn,  
Whose tender leaves, so fragile yet so fair,  
The whisp'ring breeze with blushes doth adorn !  
The careful hand, that from the soil did bear  
Thy shrinking form, despoiled of wrongful thorn,  
Would now transport thee to immortal air,  
Where all thy budding charms may safely dawn.

There, lovely flower ! wilt thou from every storm  
Securely rest ; no more shall thy frail form  
Be the light play of each uncourteous wind ;  
But to a higher culture there consigned,  
In tranquil peace, *eternal grace* in thee,  
United with *eternal sweets* shall be !



## FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

“QUIEN NO AMA, NO VIVE.”

OH! whether young, or old, or rich, or wise thou be,  
 If thou hast never watched at night the passing by  
 Of fairy step, a step of melody to thee!  
 With snow-white veil, that in the gloom doth dance  
     and fly,  
 And, like a meteor on a dark and mournful night,  
 Leaves in the bounding breast a ray of brilliant light—

If thou hast never known nor felt (save through the lays  
 Of amorous bard, that sings his love in strains divine)  
 The happiness supreme, gilding with joy thy days,  
 To have a heart, without reserve *entirely* thine—  
 If thou hast never worshipped dark and loving eyes  
 As two bright worlds of light, as stars dropped from  
     the skies;

If thou hast never lingered, with half-saddened heart,  
 Near to the festive room, whose mirth is heard afar,  
 Expecting the long wished-for moment to depart,  
 To see thy loved one (shining as a new-born star,  
 With eyes reflecting Heaven, in youth's first, freshest  
 hours)

Pass by thee, her white forehead diadem'd with flowers—

If thou hast never felt thy soul with ire replete,  
 When others take the hand that should thine own  
 have been,

And when the heart so loved on other breasts doth beat;  
 If thou hast ne'er with flashing eye indignant seen  
 The waltz impure, in wanton and licentious flight,  
 Fair maiden and fair flower in quick succession blight—

If touch of softest hand thine own hath never thrilled;  
 If this sweet whisper—(often said in silvery tones)—  
 “I love thee!” never hath with joy thy bosom filled;  
 If thou hast never fancifully sighed for thrones,  
 Believing fond that empire, crowns, and glory thine,  
 E'en Love himself to golden fetters would resign—

If thou hast ne'er (when all around is hushed in sleep,  
 Whilst *she* in rosy bloom, alike doth soft repose)  
 Wept, as a young infant suffering will sadly weep,  
 And called on her loved name e'en till the morn arose,  
 Thinking that she would hear thy oft-repeated cry,  
 And wished that thou hadst ne'er been born, and sighed  
 to die—

If thou hast never known from woman's glance, the ray  
 Of *soul* therein, bid thine own answering soul arise;  
 Nor e'er been charmed, nor thought that Heav'n before  
 thee lay;  
 Nor felt that for this maid, who may thy tears despise,  
 Thou would'st count all, ay, e'en the direst sufferings,  
 gain,—  
 Thou know'st not what it is to love—thou know'st not  
 pain!

## TO A YOUNG GIRL.

VICTOR HUGO.

OH! thou who knowest not how sweet is infancy!

Fair Maiden, envy not our riper years,  
When sometimes rebel, sometimes slave, the heart will be,  
When smiles are oft more sorrowful than tears!

Oh! hasten not too soon t' unfold thy youthful mind;  
Enjoy thy morn, thy budding spring enjoy!  
Thy hours are now but flow'rets each with each entwined;  
May Time alone their freshness e'er destroy!

Let years roll onward! Fate to thee will only bring,  
As unto us, regrets and friends untrue;  
And hopeless ills the proud one's heart to wring,  
And joys which those around us pitying view.

Yet still be gay! nor e'en for Fate's stern power care,  
Nor let thy graceful brow now clouded be;  
Nor sad thine eye, where peace and innocence so fair,  
Where thy pure soul, and Heaven's bright hues we see!

FROM THE "SOUVENIRS D'ENFANCE"  
OF BERANGER.

LOVED spot! where Hope once sweetly cradled me,  
Thee, after absence long, again I see;  
The thoughts of Childhood's hours new freshness bring,  
Reviving even as the breath of Spring!

I would see all, e'en to the school-room, where,  
Beside his Niece, of form so sweet and fair,  
The aged Master ruled us, proud to shew  
That which himself in truth did hardly know.

There have I been apprenticed, shame to say,  
To idleness—inclined too much that way;  
Yet I had right to name of sage, I thought,  
When Franklin's handicraft to me was taught.

Oh! 't was the age when Friendship true is born,  
The soil where Hope flowers every happy morn,  
And oft a small stem of the tree that grows  
Therein, supports us till the evening's close!

My mind was trained beneath yon humble roof,  
To be to Destiny's dire frownings proof;  
And here again inconstant glory flies,  
That oft draws floods of weeping from our eyes.

My Friends and Parents! youth's first guardians dear!  
Time makes ye but more loved and worshipped here!  
Yes! still the cradle to me seemeth sweet,  
Though *she* that rocked it, I no more may meet!

Loved spot! where Hope once brightly nurtured me,  
Thee, after absence long, again I see!  
Childhood's remembrances fresh vigour bring,  
Reviving even as the breath of spring!

FROM THE "BEAUCOUP D'AMOUR"  
OF BERANGER.

OH! notwithstanding Wisdom's voice,  
I would some wealth obtain,  
And at the feet of my loved choice,  
Repose my treasured gain.

My Adela! thy least caprice  
I'd satisfy each day;  
Ah! no—I have no avarice,  
But own love's warmest ray!

Beloved! since to eternize thee,  
My soul thou dost inspire;  
With rapture heard the strains shall be,  
That murmur from my lyre!

May thus in memory thy loved name  
Be join'd with mine one day!  
I care not for the joys of fame,  
But own love's warmest ray!

## THE BOOK OF REASON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF AUBERT.

WHEN bounteous Heaven, in offerings kind,  
O'erwhelmed with gifts this smiling earth  
(The works of an Eternal mind),  
From Jove mankind received, we find,  
A book, which first derived its birth  
From Pallas, and 't was Reason called, they say.  
This heaven-sent boon to every eye,  
To every age did open lie,  
And unto virtue shewed the happy way;  
But though the wisest lessons there,  
Were deep engraved in tablets fair,  
Man scorned the book, nor sought what in it lay;  
Childhood saw *words*—and nothing more;  
And Youth found only much abuse;  
Manhood—regrets of little use;  
And Age—the pages rashly tore!



## FLEUR MOURANTE.

MILLEVOYE.

LA VIE PASSE COMME LA FLEUR.

THOU lonely dying flower !  
 So late the pride of all around ;  
 Thy leaves are scattered o'er the ground,  
 Shed by the north wind's power !

We fade and wither too !  
 To the same God alike we yield ;  
 A *leaf* of *thine* now strews the field,  
 A *joy* bids *us* adieu !

Man, waking from his dream,  
 Asketh himself, o'erpowered with grief,  
 " Life or a flower—which more brief,"  
 Alas ! doth truly seem ?

## THE ORANGE BOUGH.

M. LE CHEVALIER DUCIS A ADRESSÉ LES VERS SUIVANS A UNE  
DEMOISELLE, EN LUI OFFRANT UN ORANGER.

*Emblème des Fleurs.*

THIS orange branch from me accept,  
O Lady fair and sweet!  
And with its luscious odours now,  
Be thy soft breast replete;—  
Oh! if it bloom as will my constancy,  
This orange sprig will *always* flower for *thee*!

Beneath a burning sun 't was born,  
And nourished e'en as I;  
Be it a pledge of the deep love,  
That in my heart doth lie!  
Oh! if it bloom while *thou* wilt constant be,  
Say will the orange *always* flower for *me*?

## FROM THE FRENCH.

LET the warrior, the prop of the state,  
 Seek Fame on the battle-field brief;—  
 I pity his love for a fate  
 Which brings to mankind so much grief.  
*That* happiness I would despise,  
 Which lives but to desolate earth;  
 In *love for my Mother* mine lies,  
 And within mine own bosom hath birth!

---

IMPROMPTU BY THE ABBE ———

ON BEING ASKED “WHAT IS WOMAN?”

“WHAT woman is,” of whom demandest thou?  
 Of *me*, whose fate hath shrouded Love in night?  
 Would not the pilgrim blind in anguish bow,  
 Wert thou to bid him tell thee, “What is light?”

## INNOCENCE.

KNOWEST thou a young and stranger flower,  
 Born with the day, dying at evening's hour?  
 E'en as the sensitive, with touch appalled—  
 A breath kills her—her gentle name is called  
 “Innocence.”

---

## FROM THE ITALIAN.

PETER requested Mark his ass to lend;  
 “I would with pleasure,” he replied, “for I  
 Am always glad a comrade to befriend,  
 But he's already lent.” Scarce had the lie  
 Come forth, when lo! the beast began to bray:  
 “Hearest thou, Mark?” cried Peter, “dost thou hear?”  
 When Mark replied—“Wilt thou more credit pay,  
 Unto an *Ass's* voice, or *thy* compeer!”

## THE POET'S LAST WISH.

FROM LAMARTINE.

INSCRIBE no name upon my sombre tomb,  
 And shade me not with monumental gloom;  
 I shall not feel the dust that lingers near:  
 But for the unhappy leave a little space,  
 That they whose wand'ring feet this path may trace,  
 May bend the humble knee for solace here!

---

## JEU D'ESPRIT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

How oft it happens, in this trifling age,  
 That some *sweet nothing*, some light bagatelle,  
 Can put to flight the wisdom of a *Sage*,  
 E'en as it charms the weaker minded *Belle*!

---

## FROM THE FRENCH.

YOUNG maiden is an op'ning flower—  
 The freshness of the rose hath she—  
 But, like the flower, in verity,  
 Young maiden passeth in an hour!

## FROM LAMARTINE.

WHY hide thy face beneath thy flowing hair?  
Let now my jealous hand dispel the cloud;  
Blushest thou, lovely one! because so fair?  
So hides Aurora 'neath her rosy shroud:  
Celestial shame! instinct mysterious given,  
That fairest things thus shun the most the light,  
E'en as if Beauty, image ever bright,  
Were only made for Heaven!

THE END.

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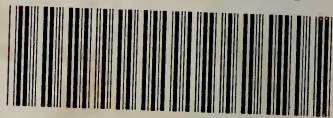








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